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THE SEGNODEGRAM

Volume VI.

June, 1906

Number 3

ABOUT THE EARTHQUAKE

In view of the erroneous and untrue reports sent out by sensational and unprincipled correspondents regarding the effect of the San Francisco earthquake upon Southern California, and in order that our Eastern friends may understand the true state of affairs in Southern California, we herewith reproduce an article from the editorial pages of the *Los Angeles Times*, which states the matter in a concise, plain, convincing manner. We vouch for the truth of the statements made therein—and refer to any intelligent resident of Southern California for a similar verification. If our Eastern friends will open a school geography, or any other book containing maps, and will turn to the map of the United States, they will see that the State of California occupies an enormous area, and extends along a very large portion of the entire Pacific Coast line. If the size of the state is compared to the group of states along the Atlantic Coast line on the map, the observer may see just how "long" the state is, and how far Los Angeles is from San Francisco. California might readily be divided into a half dozen states, each of which would be as large as many of the states along the Atlantic Coast. Look to your maps for a clear understanding of the situation. Los Angeles is between 400 and 500 miles from San Francisco—an enormous distance when considered in connection with Eastern cities. Measure off 450 miles in any direction (on the map) from New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Pittsburg, Cleveland, Chicago, or St. Louis, and you will see just what we mean. Here is the article—it speaks for itself:—

"1. Los Angeles is more than 400 miles away from the scene of the disturbance which has laid San Francisco in ruins, partly by earthquake shock, but chiefly by fire. Only a slight tremor was felt in Los Angeles.

"2. In the history of Southern California, extending back to the days of the Franciscan Fathers, about a century and a half, there has not been a serious earthquake in this region.

"3. Los Angeles and the country around about, within a radius of one hundred miles, while it has experienced some slight temblors, has never had, within the knowledge of man, an earthquake shock strong enough to do any damage worth mentioning; hardly enough, in point of fact, 'to move a brick' (unless, indeed, the brick were just ready to be toppled over).

"4. In the entire history of California (and that of the whole Pacific Coast), down to the day of the San Francisco catastrophe, less injury to property and less loss of life has been inflicted by earthquake than has often been caused by a single tornado in one of the Eastern states. And most of the damage in San Francisco was caused by fire, as noted above.

"5. A disaster similar to that of San Francisco may never occur again in any part of the United States. It is as liable to occur in Boston, or New York, or Philadelphia, as on the Pacific Coast.

"6. Far from being shaken or damaged by the San Francisco earthquake, Los Angeles was the first to send relief to the smitten city, sending carload after carload of supplies and thousands of dollars in money on the very day of the disaster."

SUCCESS

SPECIAL ARTICLE



THOUGHTS

By A. VICTOR SEGNO

Almost every day I observe in the life of some person the disastrous effects of procrastination—of putting off until too late the good intentions that should have been carried out at the right time. It is pitiful to see a grand life ruined and wasted through any cause, but more terrible to see it drift down the stream into obscurity because it lacks the courage and confidence to act at the opportune moment. That commonplace statement, "I intend to!" has robbed millions of their success. It is not enough to "intend" to do a thing sometime. What is worth doing is worth doing now and doing well. Of what use are opportunities if they are not grasped and acted upon before they pass away? The failures of life that are washed up on the shore as wreckage are the people who were always "intending" to do something. Intentions without actions are worse than useless—better to carry one humble plan to success than to have a thousand great "intentions" that are allowed to fade into nothingness.

Our lives at best are short and every hour that we waste is lost forever. It is our duty to improve every moment. If you, dear friend, have been "intending" to do something, don't delay another hour but begin it NOW and make this the turning point in your career. Remember this is the only moment you are sure of.

* * *

Are you getting out of life all that it holds for you? If not you are neglecting the opportunities that surround you. Every minute of every hour of every day holds an opportunity for you. It all depends upon your keenness of perception to recognize it and your confidence to take hold and carry it to completion. Every hour is wasted that does not find you actively engaged in promoting your welfare and that of your fellow men. Life cannot be counted by years but by experiences. The person who accomplishes the most actually lives the longest. Action is life and inaction sure death. If we

would live long and make our lives a success we must constantly exercise our brains and muscles—see, understand and act. With the aid of modern inventions it has been made possible for us to experience (live) more in a day than our grandparents did in a month; hence, we live thirty times as long each month as they did. With the improved conditions we should add by our efforts to the world's progress, the next generation should live as long in an hour as we now do in a day. Remember that every effort you make, every opportunity you take advantage of helps to prolong your life and the lives of your fellow men. Then do your part with a will and do it every day.

* * *

The difference between success and failure in most lives is the difference between courage and the lack of it. Those who possess the courage to reach out for the things they need usually find them, while those who spend their time in talking and thinking of their "hard luck" seldom find anything else. It is the mental attitude that counts for most in the great battle of life. Our thoughts map out the path we are to follow. If our thoughts shape our course in the direction of attainment we will follow and gain our desires. If instead they map out dark views of the future they create distrust, destroy confidence, kill energy and ambition and rob us of every chance of success, for we cannot gain that which we do not make an enthusiastic effort to attain.

The fruit of the tree of success is for him who reaches up and picks it, and not for those who sit under the tree waiting for it to drop, for while they wait the energetic people come along and pick the choice fruit that might have been theirs. Nothing comes to us without an effort; then be wise and follow the suggestion—reach up and pick the fruit.

* * *

In this age of large enterprises and big undertakings the opportunities for the man who tries to achieve success alone, are few.

The spirit of the times is to combine, co-operate and work together. It is by co-operating with others and not by opposing them that great results are obtained. In union there is strength, especially if the union is harmonious, wherein each and all are honestly working for the same cause as is the case with the many readers of this magazine. You are daily being benefited through the mental assistance of your fellow members and they in return are being helped by your co-operation in the cause. What you could not accomplish alone, in union with thousands of other minds you can do with ease. Co-operation is one of the greatest aids to success. Remember this! Your chances for success and happiness are far greater working with a thousand friends than working among as many enemies. The thousands of readers of this magazine are your friends. Strive to do your part, work harmoniously together and you will succeed in life.

At the treatment hours repeat the Harmony Key and at all other hours endeavor to demonstrate its truth in your life.

WHAT IS YOUR AVERAGE?

By H. M. WALKER

God bless the laughing one. What a glum old world this would be without him. A laugh—a hearty laugh—a laugh that makes the tears come and opens the pores through which life and joy and fellowship flow—you know the kind of laugh I mean—that kind is the finest rejuvenator for the system that can be prescribed. It has a tonic effect, and at the same time opens the heart until with every pulsation there flows to the uttermost parts of the body a new life and a new love.

Oh, it is glorious to have a laugh like that. Try it.

A man complains that he was not born a genius, and for lack of opportunity could not develop into a genius. He complains that his is a common lot, in which there can be no progress and very little joy. But, alas, dear heart; what is opportunity; and what is a genius! Aim is better than opportunity. A definite, steadfast purpose does not need an opportunity to show itself. It makes its own opportunity—it does not wait. Opportunity comes while we are doing things, not while we are waiting to do things. And, too, dear brother, let me whisper this: opportunity comes to the hearty laughter, who laughs whether or no.

It is not the geniuses the world needs, so

much as the laughers. Geniuses are all right in their place, but the fact that most of us are made in the common mould should encourage us to believe that God needs more of us than he does of geniuses. And, really, now, when all has been said, geniuses are only the Common made Uncommon by their everlastingly Doing Things. The greatest genius the world ever knew might have filled a drunkard's grave at 35, but for the Grace of God and hard work. Men and women become geniuses because they choose to become geniuses—and work for it—and laugh in their work. Opportunity and environment have much to do with making men and women, but geniuses are men and women who have made themselves geniuses in spite of environment and opportunity.

Then let us turn to, and make it a point to have at least one hearty laugh each day. It will cost nothing, and will answer far better than medicines to lubricate the machinery of the body.

Sometimes we see a person of remarkable talent in one direction but totally deficient in every other. At a distance they shine like geniuses—in fact, they are geniuses—but on closer acquaintance we discover some conspicuous lack—some striking defect which mars their personality. And yet the man is a genius, and average men and women are envious of his position. But the position of the average man and woman is to be desired far more than that of the genius. Why? Well, because the average man and woman is a laugh, and the genius is not. And isn't it better to have a complete, well-moulded character, even if not brilliant or striking in any particular, than to have overtowering ability in one direction and not *average well*? It is the men and women who *average well* that the world looks to for its workers. And no man or woman can average well, who neglects to laugh.

Makes for Man's Uplift—I am very much pleased with THE SEGNOGRAM as it is now being published, but, if I may be allowed, I should like to say, please continue the magazine as it is. Keep to the line and continue the kind of reading matter that makes for our uplift and betterment, and that gives us "courage amid the tempests of the changing years."—W. M. M.

From the Canal Zone—I do enjoy THE SEGNOGRAM so much. I would give up all of my other reading matter, if called upon to do so, to retain it.—Miss Helen G. Fairbanks, Canal Zone, Panama.

SOMETHING DOING

By WILLIAM WALKER ATKINSON

I recently had a visit from a young man from Chicago, who was interested in the line of thought of which this magazine is a channel of expression. We discussed a number of things, and, among other topics touched upon, was that of the universality of action—motion—work. I began to get somewhat warmed up, and started in to air the truth that the creative instinct was back of and in all things, from atom to man. Everything was in motion, and change—everything was being built up, and then torn down to be replaced by a new building up. There was no rest in Nature, everywhere and at all times was there work, action, motion, change, life.

I went on to say that Science had found no place in the Universe where absolute Rest existed—Motion was everywhere—the Creative Principle was in full operation at every point in Space. From the whirling of the planets around their suns—and the suns around other centers, and so on *ad infinitum*—down to the dance of the atoms, and the whirl of the electrons composing the atoms, one ceaseless, infinite manifestation of Action.

"Yes," answered the man from Chicago, "there certainly is 'Something Doing,' sure enough."

And he told the truth, in good Chicago tongue.

That is just what it is—"Something Doing," everywhere, at all times. As the German poet has sung:

"Dost thou ask for rest? See then how foolish is thy desire; the stern yoke of motion holds in harness the whole universe.

"Nowhere in this age canst thou ever find rest, and no power can deliver thee from the doom of Activity.

"Rest is not to be found either in heaven or on earth, and from death and dying break forth new growth,—new birth.

"All the life of Nature is an ocean of Activity; following on her footsetps, without ceasing, thou must march forward with the whole.

"Even the dark portal of death gives thee no rest, and out of thy coffin will spring blossoms of a new life."

And so this constant craving of the mind for activity, change, interest, and creative expression is seen to come right from the very center and heart of Being. In evidence everywhere, it is omnipresent. It is an attribute of the One Life that pervades the Universe. And every part and particle of

that Universe manifests its divine inheritance by ceaseless expression and impression. From within comes the impulse for expression—from other bits of Life come the impressions from without. And the outpouring Expression mingling with the incoming Impressions, is modified, deflected, altered, and added to, and the two elements combining produce Action. And this mingling of Impression and Expression—this play of the Inner upon the Outer, and the reaction of the Outer upon the Inner is what we call the Manifestation of Life.

The more that man allows this current of Expression to flow from him—through him, I should have said, for he is but a channel for the flow of the Universal Expressive Principle—the more does he live. Increased Action means increased Life. Decreased Activity means decreased Life. It is true that Activity brings pain as well as pleasure—for the pair of opposites seem always to travel hand in hand—but it is worth while, it is worth while.

Some have tried to escape the pain of Life, by drawing away from Life—by withdrawing into their shell. But Happiness comes not in this way. While it is true that certain pains may be escaped by such withdrawal from Action, new pains come in their place, and of course pleasure shrinks in the proportion that pain shrinks. The whole thing is comparative. The capacity for pleasure brings with it the capacity for pain. Pleasure and Pain seem to be distributed to each of us—each must take his share of both. The Law of Compensation is in full operation. Each must pay for all he gets—there is no escape. The Pig has less pain than the Man—and also less pleasure—it is incapable of a high degree of either. Man has more pain than the Pig—but also more pleasure—and a greater capacity for both. The Pig is happy in his piggishness—he pays the price. The Man is happy in his manhood—he pays the price. Or, viewing it another way—the Pig is unhappy, but he has his compensation—the Man is unhappy, but he has his compensation. But who would want to be the Pig, notwithstanding that he is as happy, comparatively, as the Man—in fact, so far as the absence of pain is concerned, he is happier. But why do we prefer Manhood to Pighood, when the scales of pain and pleasure seem equally balanced, in both cases? Simply

this—because there is a higher form of Life within us—a higher form of Activity—a higher form of Expression. We have evolved in accordance with the unfolding desire for "Life—More Life—Still More Life"—and here we are, with the same old cry ringing in our ears.

"But," the philosopher may urge, "Man is a fool for seeking greater Expression and Activity, when they bring him greater pain as well as greater pleasure. And doubly so, when he sees that the results of his Activity are but fleeting shadows that pass away as soon as they appear. How foolish is Man to pursue these things, when they turn into ashes at the touch—this Dead Sea fruit of Life? The joy is in the anticipation rather than in the realization—the attainment is a poor reward for the toil. All is vanity and vexation—nothing is worth while—all life is a disappointment—life is a curse—Nothingness is the goal."

Not so, my good pessimist, who while bemoaning the trials and disappointments of Life, nevertheless clings tenaciously to it. Listen, and I will tell you the Secret of Action. Here it is:

Action for the purpose of gaining things for the sake of things, is indeed a snare and a delusion—a mockery and vanity, from which only disappointment can spring. He who pins his hope of happiness upon things, or people for that matter, is indeed leaning upon a broken reed. Ambition based upon these things fails one, and betrays him in the end. But there is a higher form of ambition and activity which remains true to one, and which deserts him not even at the end. And that ambition—as unreal as it may appear to the man or woman wrapped up in the strenuous striving for Things, which characterizes this age—is the only real one. The Secret of Action consists in so acting, living, and working, that you are not entangled in the web of Things and rewards—in so living, acting and working that you allow the great Principle of Expression—the Creative Principle of Life—to flow through you and Do Things. The Joy of Work comes in the Doing, not in the Getting—in the Acting, not in the admission fee comes the reward of the Actor. (No, no, I am not scorning the rewards that come—but I know that these rewards come to him who plays his part well from the very joy of the playing.)

Each of us is playing a part in the great Play of the Universe—and the thing to do is to play it the best we know how, and let it go at that. We are cast for our part, and are given the capacity for the Joy that comes to

the player who gives the fullest possible expression to his part. If we will but allow the creative forces to play through us—to carry us on and outward in the Sea of Life—to give the fullest channel of Expression to that great Power which is using us—that must, of necessity, use us for means of such Expression—then shall we be Blessed. Life to such a man is one constant joy—let come what will. He rises on the wave of Life—he falls as it falls—but he has no fear, for he knows that the Ocean of Life is supporting him, and he cannot sink.

You think it impossible to live this life? Poor man, do you not know that some of the world's greatest workers have long since learned this lesson, and have ceased to imagine that happiness comes from things. They have found that their only happiness came to them from Expression, and, so, without comprehending the law that is behind it all, they open themselves more and more to the inflow of that great Creative principle that is in all Life, and which is constantly striving for a wider channel of Expression. Who is the better World's Worker—the man who keeps his eye on the clock, and who does just what he is paid for, and no more, and who regards his work as merely a something to be done in order to get pay—or the man who feels the keen joy that comes from creating, and doing, and acting, and building up, and tearing down, and then building up all over again, like the child with his blocks? Look around you and answer the question.

The old world is staggering under a number of questions that are pressing forward for an early solution. Questions and problems, social, economic, financial, moral, are demanding to be solved by Man. Readjustments and changes are coming to the race—we do not realize just what will come out of the boiling pot—but *something* is coming out of it all, and according to the eternal laws of progress and unfoldment that something will be Something Better, for the world does not move backward. And one of the questions that will be considered—a lesson that must be unlearned and then relearned—is this question of Activity and Work. The time must come—and it will come—when Work will cease to be regarded as a curse, and then will it follow that Work will cease to be regarded as a disgrace. When Work and Activity is seen to be a manifestation of a Divine Creative Principle, then will it be seen to be a blessing, and a thing of which to be proud, rather than a thing of which to be ashamed. Following this must, of necessity, come changed conditions and methods of work,

and as the intelligence of the race grows methods will be evolved whereby the features of the world's work which now mean hateful labor, drudgery, and practical slavery will be abolished so far as the ingenuity of man is able to do so, and the world will enter into a new era of work—of work that is a pleasure and a joy—of congenial work—of work for the worker—of work that is a badge of superiority and nobility, rather than a mark of inferiority and servitude. This is no idle dream—it is a word of prophecy. Verily, when the world, and the race, is able to see Work for what it is, then will the problems of the economic and social world be seen to be at least half-solved, and the direction of future progress marked out that all may see.

"As a man thinketh in his heart so is he," applies to this question also. He who thinks his work is drudgery and labor, thereby makes it so, and makes himself a slave to it. He who dares rise above it, and live according to his highest ideal, will find that things and circumstances will become more plastic, and will accommodate themselves to his desire for greater Expressive channels. Can it be otherwise, when we remember that the Great Creative Principle is back of it all, pressing forward for Expression and Growth? And it is possible for a man to rise to a mental and spiritual plane in which he will draw his sustenance from the Universal Supply,—that which is necessary for the full expression of his Creative Energy—just as does the plant draw to itself that which it needs for its growth and development.

But, remember this always, that if the plant were to refuse to express itself—refuse to do its work—then would its supply be shut off—and it would die. Men are dying mentally as well as physically from their refusal to grow and express themselves. They are shutting off the source of supply. They are damming the stream of Life. There is but one way that Nature works—and always has worked—and always will work. There is no "let up" in Life. With it Rest is only a means of gathering up fresh energy for renewed activity. But remember this, that with Life there are many forms of Activity. Not only is there the Activity of Work, but there is the Activity of Thought, and the Activity of Play—and each has its part to play, and to leave any one feature out is to impair the whole. Life's Activity has three aspects—Work, Thought, and Play—this is the Trinity of Life. And when we deny any part of it—when we deny any phase, be it Work, or Play, or Thought, then are we lopsided and unnatural. And, the wonder

is seen to be more wonderful when we consider that we may obtain rest from Work by Play—rest from Thought by Work—rest from Play by Thought and Work. Each phase is a change and rest from the other. Thus does Nature compensate, if allowed to flow freely. It is only when one departs from Nature and tries to improve on her methods that things go awry. But in the end Nature reasserts herself, and brushing aside the obstructions that man has placed in her way, she sweeps along, flowing in her old course, free and with renewed strength gained from the damming up.

And so, friends, carry this thought with you: That Life means Activity—and Activity means Work, Play, Thought—and that Life manifests herself in natural and free expression of the best in you—nothing else will satisfy her. Play well your part—do your work the best you know how—live in the Now—express yourself along the highest known to you—be not tied to Things, but regard them merely as tools with which to work out your Divine Destiny—find the Joy of Doing, Acting, Being—realize in your life the truths, "I Am, I Can, I Will."

Then will your life be full to overflowing—then will your channel of Expression constantly grow broader—then will you have more Life each day—then will you realize the Life Abundant—then will you realize that you are a Center of Conscious Activity in the One Life that is under, back of, and in us all.

When you understand these things, and are able to express them and live them out—then will there be "Something Doing" in you that will be well worth while.

Here is a splendid thought from Mrs. L. T. Russell, and we know our family of readers will appreciate it immensely:—"Sometimes we can be helpful to our neighbors by simply doing our own home duties well. I know a lady who is doing a good work in a rough neighborhood by having her children behave well in any public place, or when visiting. This lady is rich and of a high class in society and I know several mothers who have been inspired by her example to try to train their children right."

Didn't Like The Lesson

Ma—"Willie, what's your little brother crying for?"

Willie—"Aw! just because he don't want to learn anything. I just took his candy and showed him how to eat it."—*Philadelphia Press*.

Old Maids' Children

Why They are Not Brought
Down to Earth

By HANK REKLAW

Perhaps there isn't anything easier than for one mother to tell why the children of another mother are "bad," unless it is for an old maiden like myself to tell *all* mothers why their children are "bad." Old maids' children, they do tell us, are always angelic. Mine are. And if I have anything to do with it they shall remain little angels, as long as they are of more service as angels than as men and women. It is, therefore, easier for me to tell what ails other people's children. But before doing so, let me reproduce some of the excellent reasons why children are "bad," submitted in the contest just closed by THE SEGNOGRAM. I am sure the readers of this department will find much logic in these answers. They seem to go right to the root of things and tell from a parent's standpoint the why and wherefore of it all.

Mr. Hand, a good Ohioan, tells us that "Children are not bad. They may be naughty or disobedient at times but they are good from Nature. They can soon learn to become bad if the parents are bad and give them bad thoughts and influence.

"If a parent always has bad thoughts in the presence of a child and never shows any love for it, a child must get bad for a mother's and father's thoughts control the offspring's mind. Every little wrong the child does, brings it either a scolding or a whipping and instead of using kindness and explaining wherein the child erred, they use bad language and also scold and gossip about other people and never show any love for their neighbors. How can a child be good and have love and good will towards its fellowmen when its mind is influenced and it is treated in such a manner?"

Another friend in Georgia, Mrs. L. T. Russell, writes:—"In the first place because they come of evil stock, and heredity is hard to overcome. In the next place because they see and hear badness going on around them all the time. When one considers their heredity and environment, it is wonderful that they are not worse than they are. A great deal of children's badness is due to sickness or some discomfort caused by mismanagement. They do not understand, and the only way they can express their feelings is by crying and fretting and so they are thought bad. As children grow larger, they sometimes

become worse, but a close observer can nearly always trace their badness to some outside influence or example. If parents were as careful with their children as Burbank with his fruits and flowers the world would soon swing into the millenium. If a child were reared in an atmosphere of love and peace, and taken care of so that it would be healthy, I do not think it would be bad much, and the second generation so brought up might be entirely free from badness."

And Mrs. Eva J. Robinson speaks her heart, thus:—"Children are bad because we parents make them bad.

"Perhaps it is lack of cheerful anticipation, or a well poised and self-controlled mind on the part of the expectant mother.

"It may be that we do not, later, as parents, evince that self-subjection, which is essential in securing good tempers in our children.

"We thwart them in their objects, which even a very small child often pursues with earnestness.

"We keep them in suspense, which raises their expectations thereby making it harder to bear the disappointment.

"We say *don't* to our children when we should teach them how to *do*. We do too much nagging which makes them self-conscious.

"We allow them to hear gossip and unkind interpretation of people's behavior.

"We make them bad by snubbing them and talking about them in their hearing.

"We praise them where they are self-sufficient instead of where they are struggling.

"We do not use the same means to win and hold their friendship that we do that of other persons.

"When from some bodily state children are, occasionally, fretful or irritable we oppose or humor, instead of bearing with them."

This answer came to hand April 18, thirteen days after the contest closed. It is "the best yet."

"Why are children bad? It is the lack of heart training that gives children evil thoughts and tendencies.

"Their faults are usually due to environment. Give them half a chance, and you will soon find they will do the right thing.

"Children, as a rule, have more good than bad in them, and those branded as incorrigible have not had a square deal. Childhood

lessons are the last to be forgotten. Principles that become fixed from youth to manhood and womanhood are those first instilled into their minds and planted within their hearts. These take root and grow, and cling to them through life. We are bound by moral and civic law to protect our children, but are we giving them the love and sympathy they need?

"Their little childhood tragedies are very real to them, and too often parents withhold that sympathy which the little heart is craving. If parents would make companions of their children; give them heart training as well as school training; teach them the love lessons of home life, the so-called bad children would be blotted out. Parents have the first training of mind and heart; it must be that they are responsible for children being bad."—Mrs. Carrie N. Lowery.

We see in these replies much excellent argument to bear out the popular fallacy and to show why children are bad. But we do not see therein any reasons that a child might give, and I want to speak for the boys and girls. I like Mr. Hand. He says, "Children are not bad." And they are not. Really, friends, they are not. People think they are but all "badness" is misdirected energy—energy wasted,—which if properly directed by the parents would result in the development of greater perfection in the boys and girls. I have not forgotten my boyhood days. I never want to. When I recall my thoughts then, and contrast them with the expressions of "wisdom" I since have heard from parents who believed they knew all about boys and girls, I am forced to believe that the older we grow the less reason we show. Boys and girls are not bad, because they do not want to be. They enjoy a good time and are going to have it. If one way is not provided by the parents or teachers, they will make another.

Nature seeks expression through them, and they, not having acquired the art of suppression, bubble over.

About the first thing a child is taught when it is old enough to learn is that it is full of sin and liable to be shut out of heaven. It is forced to *think*, whether it believes it or not, that it is bad, and that no effort on its part can make it anything else. It cannot see what is back of the parents' efforts to make it "good" and fails utterly to appreciate the good intentions of its teachers. Every moral lesson presented to it has its restrictive measures; every effort at discipline brings with it the suppression of some natural bent in the boy, good in itself, but perverted.

The cry to be "good" conveys no meaning to the boy's overflowing nature. He wants to be just a boy; he wants to *do something*, and, God bless him, he *will* do something. Boys and girls with life in them cannot be "good." Give them something to *do* along the line of their natural bent, and they will do it. Life means more to them than mere *being*. They want to *do* things *now*—this very minute.

When I was a boy, I used to want to do a lot of things to help. But the folks wouldn't let me, and either told me to run out and play or set me to doing something I didn't like. Every boy has had the same experience. Most times the things he wants to do are the impossible—I will admit that—but just the same, if he were permitted to work his good intentions up into life, he would have gained *something* out of it.

Children are bad because they have to suppress so much of Nature. The first thing the child hears is, "Don't do that! It's *bad*!" And right on through life, it is followed by a list of Dos and Don'ts as long as a bad dream.

I am not going to say why children are "bad." I do not think they *are* "bad." In my experience, I never met one that was "bad." I have, it is true, met many children who were making mighty poor use of their time and energy; but they did not differ in this respect from their parents, nor all the good folk who are not parents.

To say that a child is "bad" is a confession of weakness on our part. By so saying we admit that we are not big enough to see the good there. It is a sad mistake,—really it is—to look for the "bad" in people and blind our eyes to their good qualities. I have met all kinds of boys and girls in my day, but never saw one yet that did not have as much good in him as evil. I have seen, it is true, boys and girls do some dreadful things, and to me they looked like very little imps of Satan; but could I have climbed into their shoes, slept in their beds, eaten with them, *lived* with them—been one of them—my feelings would not have been so jarred by what I witnessed them doing. They were "bad" according to *my* way of thinking, but their conduct was quite proper according to their own. And, so, I would not say.

Myself, when young, aye, and even yet, frequently do those things that would jar the good taste of the one who did not understand me and could not think as I think; and, yet, shall I be judged by another's conception of life, or by my own?

This question of "Why are children bad?"

is a broad one. It was asked for the purpose it has accomplished.

Perhaps it has driven us back to the child life; perhaps we have looked upon the boys and girls in the light of memory of our child-

hood experiences; perhaps we have considered the question from the standpoint of the boy and girl by our side. Perhaps—perhaps—I do not know anything about it.

LIFE AND DEATH

By G. H. WALTERS

Two chrysalides, the one a little larger than the other lay side by side, on a piece of dried moss, snugly hidden beneath some loose leaf-mould. They had lain there for, what seemed to them, quite an age, and yet nothing had occurred to disturb the tranquillity of their almost motionless lives.

Now and then they gently moved themselves, but that was seldom, for they felt perfectly happy in each other's company, and cared not for active excitement and bustle. Today, however, the larger chrysalis was exceptionally restless and its frequent movements bespoke an uneasiness, which quite alarmed its mate.

"Why, what on earth is the matter with you today?" said she. "You keep twisting and turning about as if something ailed you. Are you ill?"

"Ill! I really can't say," replied he, "but I must confess to not feeling quite myself this morning. I feel queer, yes, very queer, now that I come to analyze my feelings. I feel just as if something very unusual were going to happen to me this morning."

"What nonsense," replied the smaller chrysalis. "Nothing is going to happen to you. As if anything could happen to you or to me either for that matter. Why! We've both been here quite a long, long time and nothing has ever happened, so calm yourself, brother. Nothing is ever likely to happen to us."

"I wish, sister, I could think as you do, but try as I will I cannot banish this presentiment of evil. I fear that something is about to occur, which will part us forever."

"Oh, brother, don't say that you are going to leave me."

"I am sorry, very sorry, dear, but I cannot prevent it. Already I feel a struggle going on within me, just as if I were trying to get out of my body; and oh, it's becoming more painful every second and already I feel terribly weak and tired."

"Don't talk like that, brother, dear, you frighten me, and—" but here the poor little chrysalis stopped abruptly, for a strange crack-

ling sound, which proceeded from her brother, attracted her attention.

"What's that noise? Do you hear it brother?"

But there was no reply.

In vain did she call upon her mate, there was no answer to her call, and even the strange, crackling sound had ceased.

"Some dreadful thing has indeed befallen my poor brother," she wailed, "and I—what shall I do?" The poor little chrysalis wept and mourned until she felt quite ill. "Yes, and—"

"Oh, dear!" she suddenly exclaimed, "how strange I feel! A dreadful indescribable fear is creeping upon me, and I—I—oh dear! How dry and parched my skin feels, and it's crackling all over."

"Oh brother! Now I know how you suffered and what that feeling, which you spoke of, is like!"

"I feel as if I were going to leave this body of mine, and—"

Here her struggles became so violent that she hardly had any breath for further exclamations.

Just where the skin had burst there appeared something white, which grew larger and larger as her struggles proceeded, until at last, with a mighty effort it freed itself from its reddish brown covering and emerged a beautiful white butterfly—the daintiest lady butterfly imaginable.

For a time she remained quite motionless, as if the exertion she had just experienced had quite exhausted her. Then she crawled slowly about, and feebly tried her wings.

Her wanderings took a circular route and soon she was back at the place from which she had set out. Seeing the empty chrysalis shell, she exclaimed in genuine disgust:

"Oh, what a horribly ugly creature I must have looked, when in that wretched covering! How glad I am to be free from it! How light I feel, and so happy, too; I can't bear the sight of that hideous shell, that I once inhabited!" And turning away her glance

lighted upon the shell that had once contained her brother.

"Oh, I wonder what has become of my poor brother! Where can he be? He must indeed be a very handsome butterfly! I do wish I could see him!"

While she was thus musing and pruning herself, for she was very proud of her lovely wings, a large, handsome white butterfly suddenly appeared hovering over her.

Terrified at first she darted off with the handsome butterfly in full pursuit. Speedily overtaking her, he laughingly exclaimed, "Stop, dear sister, I will not harm you. Do you not know me? I am your brother." Reassured by his kind tone, she slackened her pace and alighted upon a large red rose, remarking: "There's room for both of us on this fine flower."

How heartily they laughed over the adventure and then what questions followed! Of course the lady butterfly did all the talking—not that I mean to insinuate that women talk more than men do—but she really did most of the talking, because the gentleman butterfly could do nothing, for a time, but admire her beauty in silence.

"And why, my brother, did not you come and speak to me, when you became a butterfly and I was still a chrysalis?"

"I did, sister, I assure you. I crawled right over you, but you paid me no attention. I knew that at some time you too would become a butterfly, so I watched over you, flying off now and then for exercise, but never going far."

"You can never imagine how much I missed you, how I mourned for you and how terrified I was on experiencing that peculiar feeling you spoke of just before your mysterious silence. I knew that I was about to leave my old life and I did not want to. I preferred to remain; but how glad I am now of the change," replied the lady butterfly.

"It's simply glorious," was his reply.

"Yes, everything is so bright, so pure, so fresh, so very different from that dreary, dismal life down there amongst those dead, dark leaves. I wonder how we could ever have liked it."

"Let us forget it all, dear, and enjoy the fair new world of ours."

"Yes! Catch me if you can!" said her ladyship and off they darted, flitting here and there among the fresh green leaves and many colored flowers, hither and thither, their white wings flashing back the bright sunlight until at last they were lost to view in that wonderful new world, into which they had so recently been born.

Many such tales does nature's book disclose to him who would but peruse its open pages.

He that hath eyes to see let him be ever searching for the wisdom contained in this great book.

SUCCESS

By HOMER CLARK BENNETT, Lima, Ohio

Out of the darkness of night,
Into the brightness of light,
Out of the sorrow and grief,
Into the realm of relief;
Out of the sadness of pain,
Into the gladness again;
Out of the weakness of sin,
Into the strength that will win;
Out of the toil and distress
Comes the reward of Success.

Out of the shadow of death,
Into the life-giving breath;
Out of the turmoil of strife,
Into the haven of life;
Out of the grim hand of fate,
Into the holier state;
Out of the cold and the storm,
Into the clear sunshine warm;
Out of the dimness of dreams
The ray of Success ever gleams.

The darkness and sorrow and pain,
May seem like a dismal refrain,
And the weakness and toil,
And distress, and turmoil,
May burden again and again;
But the light and the hope and the cheer,
Will certainly make the way clear,
If you work with a zest,
And but do all our best,
The day of Success will be near.

THE ROLL CALL OF DUTY.

The moment of duty is the moment of need.
Then away with that sham, the convenience
creed!

When billows are high in tempestuous roll,
'Tis the man of the bravest, most heroic soul,
That stands firm at his post, at the helm,
'mid the storm,
And though wild tempests rage, fails not till
the calm,

To stem angry blasts with courage and deed—
The moment of duty is the moment of need.

—Francis Leander King.

All true foods such as grains, nuts, fruit
and honey exert a quieting, cooling influence
on the body.

Mental and Physical Culture



A System of Training
the Little Ones.

By AUMOND C. DAVID

Exercise No. 18. Feet at narrow position, with wooden Indian clubs, weight $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. At child's age now, the muscles are sufficiently strong to start this twisting muscular series of exercises; giving the single hand and double hand motions before and behind the head, and at the side; fully extended arms in great circle—which is her entire accomplishment at date in this line—or with one resting forward while other is being used. It is often necessary to move the arm through some new lesson, in addition to the regular, each time, and when least expected the little one will want to do some particular exercise,



EXERCISE NO. 18

thus showing that she has all the time been absorbing what has occurred, apparently without result. This will be found a fact in all lines of child culture; when the soul has received enough attention it then begins to give out whenever prompted to do so thereafter, often without thought of motive for doing it, but if questioned the little mind will begin to reason out a cause, which may or may not be exactly what it felt before it began to displace instinct with reasonings. Here the teacher's knowledge and experience must be used with the greatest of care to avoid conflict, as he is quite apt to misinterpret the expression.

Exercise No. 19. Trapeze exercises are very interesting to the little one for establishing confidence in power of muscles. Hanging in position, with thumbs placed beneath bar, the lungs are inflated, through the *nostrils*, and feet drawn up, extended and spread during three counts; rest on floor and repeat, twice being plenty; for variety the wooden dumb bells may be placed on extended knees, thus insuring their being horizontal. Later the feet can be extended thus also.



EXERCISE NO. 19

You are beaten to earth? Well, well, what's that?

Come up with a smiling face.

It's nothing against you to fall down flat,

But to lie there—that's disgrace.

The harder you're thrown, why, the higher you bounce;

Be proud of your blackened eye!

It isn't the fact that you're licked that counts;

It's how did you fight—and why?

Edmund Vance Cooke.

Maj. Darget, a member of the Polytechnic School of France and the Academy of Science in Paris, has proved his deduction that the vital fluid has its reservoir in the brain, and thence circulates through the body. The success of the experiment has caused widespread interest.

Health Culture Menus

By
Mrs. A. V. SEGNO

FIRST MEAL

Creamed Eggs on Toast Cocoa
Rhubarb Sauce

SECOND MEAL

Cream of Spinach Soup Olives
Radishes Rye Bread
Riced Tomatoes
Cottage Cheese Salad
Strawberry Shortcake

FIRST MEAL

Raspberries Zweibach with Cream
Bananas

SECOND MEAL

Peanut Soup
Young Onions Ripe Olives
New Potatoes creamed with Eggs Green Peas
Lettuce Salad Whole Wheat Bread
Cherry Pie

TO PREPARE

Creamed Eggs on Toast.—For six eggs use four tablespoonfuls of milk, season and cook slowly, stirring constantly that the eggs may be very soft when done; serve on buttered slices of toast.

Cream of Spinach Soup.—Wash and boil enough spinach to make one pint when done, cook fifteen minutes and see that there is only about a cup of water left to drain off, and save this water. Chop and pound the spinach into a soft paste, return to the stove, with a tablespoonful of olive oil, a little grated nutmeg and salt to taste, a dash of cayenne pepper; stir and cook for about ten minutes, then add the water in which the spinach was boiled and let it boil up and then run it through a strainer. Return to the stove again and add a pint of water, teaspoonful of sugar and a cupful of cream.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

Alum used in the rinsing water will prevent green from fading and render clothes less inflammable.

To keep flies from gilt frames, boil two or three onions in half pint of water. Apply with a brush and flies will keep off.

A pencil drawing or letter may be kept from blurring by dipping in milk (the fresher the better) and allowing it to dry.

To keep brass work bright rub with salt and vinegar.

Soak lamp wicks in strong vinegar. They will give brighter light and will not smoke. Dry them well before using.

Riced Tomatoes.—Put one quart of tomatoes through a sieve to remove the seeds; add one pint of water and one cup of rice, season with salt, cayenne pepper and a tablespoonful of olive oil; cook very slowly for about an hour, then put it into a well buttered pudding dish, from which it may be served on the table; dot with bits of butter, and a very few cracker crumbs, place in the oven and bake until a delicate brown.

Cottage Cheese Salad.—Mix sufficient cream with the cottage cheese to form it into small balls about an inch across; place the balls on a thick bed of lettuce leaves, which have been dressed with French dressing. Serve with mayonnaise.

Zweibach with Cream.—Heat the zweibach in the oven and bring the cream just to the boiling point, but do not boil. Bring the warm zweibach and cream to the table and serve each with the zweibach and a few spoonfuls of the hot cream. Eat the bananas with this dish; it will be found very nice.

Peanut Soup.—Soak one tablespoonful of ground wheat in a quart of milk one hour; add one cupful of roasted peanuts ground medium fine, and one cup of warm water, place on the stove and have ready a teaspoonful of butter and a teaspoonful of flour thoroughly blended, stir this into the soup and bring to the boiling point; season to taste.

New Potatoes Creamed with Eggs.—Boil the potatoes in the usual way; when done, drain thoroughly and add a pint of milk, to which has been added a teaspoonful of flour and a teaspoonful of butter, which have been thoroughly creamed together, and one egg well beaten; bring to the boiling point. Boil one-half dozen eggs hard; remove the shells and cut in two lengthwise; place the potatoes in the dish you wish to serve them in and cover the top with the hot boiled eggs; lay the eggs on the dish yolk side up and place a tiny bit of salt, cayenne pepper and butter on each.

Cherry Pie.—Remove the pits from the cherries. A very nice pie crust can be made of any flaky cereal by mixing it with cream or olive oil; season slightly with salt and line a pie dish with a very thin layer; put the pitted cherries in without any crust covering on the top. Sweeten to taste, and bake.

Boil one pound of bran in a gallon of water for an hour, then wash your paint with this bran-water. It is very good for varnished paint, and will make it look bright and glossy.

A down sateen comfortable may be washed as follows: Make a good suds of fine white soap and water not too hot, in which soak the quilt for an hour. Then rub gently with the hands, rinse thoroughly, and hang on the line in the sun. At intervals as it is drying give it a good shaking. It may take four days to dry it perfectly. Choose a sunny time, and shake often. If these directions are followed strictly it will be as fluffy and beautiful as when new.

THE JOY OF LIVING

By VIOLET DEFRIES

Many people are under the impression that no great enjoyment can be got out of life if one is poor. This is not the case. The best, the purest, the most lasting sources of enjoyment are free alike to all. To begin with there is the joy of life. To a person in good health, and we can nearly all be that if we choose, this is an ever-present source of vital happiness. It means enjoyment pure and simple with every breath we draw, with every step we take, with every look we cast abroad, with every act we perform. And that gives us our second source of pure enjoyment—the joy of doing. Whatever we have to do, if we will only take pride in doing it a little better than yesterday, will be a source of true inward satisfaction. Even common-place household duties take on a charm if we do them proudly. Then there is the joy of giving; of helping. None of us are so poor or so unworthy that we cannot give of what we have—our time, our thought, our love—and no joy is more precious than that of the giver. Last and greatest of the pure, natural joys open to all alike, comes the joy of loving. The blessing of home love the gift of friendship comes to us all if we are worthy of them. This best of gifts contains in itself the joys of being, doing, giving and receiving. For "love brings love." Then how can our lives lack variety or enjoyment when alike our waking breath, our daily task, our walks abroad, our intercourse with our associates are all pure enjoyment. What arid waste of life is there left, to mourn over. I have said nothing of the joy of rest after good work, or the more material but equally keen enjoyments of our senses. Books, music and pictures are free at our will. Flowers grow alike for gentle and simple. The grass is green to all. God's great gift of light comes to us after the dark night, a recurrent symbol of that hope which "springs eternal." With hope at our right hand and joy in our hearts let us tread our lives with smiling faces set towards the rising dawn of Eternal Joy.

SELF-CONFIDENCE

There is everything in assuming the part of a character you desire to play in life's drama. If you are to take the part of a successful man, you must assume the mental attitude, the outward mien of a successful person—must put yourself in his place, as it were.

It is wonderful what a power self-confi-

dence has to marshal all the faculties and unite their strength in one mighty cable. No matter how many talents a man may possess, if he be lacking in self-confidence he can never use them to the best advantage, he cannot unify their action and harmonize their power so as to bring them to bear effectively upon any one point.

In order to succeed in life it is just as necessary to have self-trust as to have ability, and if you do not possess the former, one of the best means of acquiring it is to assume that you already have it. Carry yourself with a self-confident air, and you will not only inspire others with a belief in your ability, but you will come to believe in it yourself. —Success.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX



Contributes a beautiful new poem to each number of *The Nautilus*, a bright monthly New thought magazine of self-help and Good Cheer. FLORENCE MORSE KINGSLEY is also a regular writer for *The Nautilus*, and Prof. Edgar L. Larkin, the famous Astronomer, writer, and Director of Lowe Observatory, California, writes an article for each number. You may get the Magazine four months for 10 cents, including Special Easter number, if you send now. Or send 50 cents now for one year. Address the editor, ELIZABETH TOWNE, Dept. 77, Holyoke, Mass.

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PROF. J. H. AUSTIN, 1113 McVicker's Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

OUR BROTHERS



The Birds and Animals
and Creeping Things

By H. M. WALKER

J. W. Cottrell, general superintendent of the Detective Association of America, says, "With twenty-five years' experience as an officer, I know of but very few criminals who were taught to love animals, and in searching for the causes of crime we find that the *lack of humane education is the principal one.*"

I wonder how many of our boys and girls have heard about the home life of the bees, and know how industrious and well-behaved they are? It is just astonishing, boys, to see the faithfulness of these winged brothers and sisters of ours. They never shirk their work; do not "play hooky," nor run away from home when there is work to do.

Of course you have watched bees at work, haven't you? Flying from flower to flower, they gather the sweet juices, which they carry home with them and make into honey. All of you have seen them busy at that, haven't you? And sometimes when they fly too close, you yell and scamper away—just as if the bees, like some men, were looking for boys and girls to poison with their sting. And all the while you were so scared, the bees just buzzed away without paying any attention to you, didn't they? And when the little pocket the bee carries its honey in is filled, have you never noticed how quickly she backs out of the flower and flies straight home? She doesn't stop along the road for anything. You would think that the welfare of the whole bee world depended on her getting home right away, and that if she wasted a minute buzzing around with other bees her whole family of little bees would all starve to death. But the bee doesn't think that at all. Of course, we cannot know just what she does think, but we may be sure that she doesn't think about her bee children, for she hasn't any. The bee that gathers honey doesn't have any children. She is made like the female bee that deposits the eggs in the little wax cells in which the eggs quickly develop into bees, but she is the *worker*, the honey-gatherer—while the mother-bee—the bee that raises the family—the queen bee—she just lays eggs and bosses the other bees.

Bees know a lot about sanitation, good breeding and such things. The workers are divided into classes. There are policeman bees, nurse bees, honey-gatherers, wax cell-makers, tenders to the queen bee and feeders of the young. Then there are other bees that look after the cleanliness and safety of the hive. When the day is hot and the air of the hive becomes close, these bees station themselves at the openings and make their wings go just as if they were flying. This

keeps up a circulation of pure air and enables the honey packers, the feeders, and the young bees, to keep at work, and keeps the honey sweet. The soldier bees police the hives. They protect the queen bee and will not allow any of the lazy male bees—the drones—to get near her. They also protect the stores of honey, and when anything like a beetle or bug or snail comes into the hive after the honey, or gets into it by mistake, the soldier bees sting it to death and if it isn't too big they throw it out. If they cannot move it after they have killed it, or if it is a snail and they cannot sting it because of its shell-like coat, they proceed to bury it right there. If the intruder is dead and they cannot get rid of it they build a vault of beeswax around it, which is airtight and prevents decay. If it is alive and they cannot kill it, they bury it alive in a tomb of beeswax and it dies. These soldier bees, like all the other bees that are good for anything, are female bees that don't lay eggs. The male bees are made scarce on purpose, for the reason that they are not needed. They do not seem to be any good, and just buzz around and get into the way of the workers and nurses, and eat up the honey that ought to go to the little bees.

When the queen bee wants to find a mate she acts very funny. She steals out of the hive and plumes herself on the door step. Then she flies backward ten or fifteen feet and back again to the door of the hive. There are always a lot of male bees sitting on the fences close by like firemen before a fire hall, and when they see her fly upward they know the chase is open. Away they go after her. Higher and higher, ever higher she flies; away up beyond the birds. The weaker of the males fall out of the chase. Only the strong can keep within sight of her. Up, up, up—up beyond the clouds, but there are not any clouds, for she never takes her nuptial flight when the day is anything but clear and warm. She whirls and whirls, ever higher and closer to the sun. There is just one male bee left in the chase now; the others have fallen out. She stops her flight a moment. The king of the drones overtakes her; together they shoot higher and higher in one close, warm embrace. Suddenly the male bursts open and what is left

of him falls to the earth—dead. Slowly the queen bee returns to her home. She is washed up and cared for by the nurses, and after a few days' rest, starts to lay her eggs in the cells already prepared for her by the wax workers. There are cells for the workers and cells for the males and a few cells for queens, and the queen—the mother of the hive—never makes a mistake. She puts the right egg in the cell intended for it. The cell is sealed up by the nurse bees, all but a little hole, through which, after a little while, the nurses begin to feed the young with bread and honey. They grow rapidly into bees and by the time summer is come the hive has a population of 40 or 50 thousand, and first thing you know a swarm of young bees leaves the old home to find a home for themselves. They do not lose any time, but proceed at once to gather bread and honey for the winter.

The bees are responsible for so many, many things we do not generally hear about. They carry from one flower to another, the "dust" that fertilizes and vitalizes the plant and makes it bring forth other plants of its kind. They gather the sweets of all flowers and mix it up into a delicious food we call honey, and then man goes and steals and eats it. But that is another story. Bees are a form of God that contributes a lot to man's happiness, but they don't get much out of it; do they, boys? Better treat 'em kind. They'll like you better, and what's more, you will feel like liking yourself better, and that, of itself, is a good thing.

DIVINE ALCHEMY, OR THE ECONOMY OF THE SOUL

By ART V. RALEY

The leading advocates of the New Thought teachings under whatsoever name are, generally speaking, believers in and advocates of the principle of co-operation—harmony. Many are avowed socialists. Indeed how can the Unist, who realizes the oneness of all, oppose this Ideal?

Upon examination, however, we find that any differences that appear to exist are merely those as to the means and not the end sought—a belief as to what constitutes the legitimate manner of adopting these teachings for the universal harmonious co-operation of man, consistent with the mutually accepted law of evolution.

We believe that there exists the law of Karma by which every individual must be responsible for his own acts—that we may not by sheer force lift any without desire and co-operation on their part, but first of all must

awaken in the hearts of mankind everywhere a desire for this Ideal—it is there—the present low seeming desires are negative and not real, perverted tastes of a low environment. It needs but the magic touch of love to call the real and true into fruition.

If it be said that such awakening be abnormal then is spontaneous love abnormal.

But men feel very little confidence in words alone and unless supplemented by extension to their logical conclusion on the material plane—these ideals not only appear impracticable but insincere as well.

We proclaim the Divine spark in all of mankind—who shall say that today sufficient unfoldment has not been reached to enable a majority to respond to this—love's magic touch—when consistently followed by us in daily life?

MYSTIC SECRETS



Of Health, Happiness and Success. This is a booklet that tells of the Healing Power within yourself. It is based largely on the occult philosophy of the Hindu Adepts and Masters of India. One lady who received the booklet writes: "I have read and re-read it many times, and always find something new. I do not think I ever read anything that possessed for me such fascination." Another says: "Accept my thanks for the precious message which you sent me." Any reader of SEGNOGRAM may have a copy of my booklet and my new book catalogue by sending a stamp for postage.

Address:

WILLIAM E. TOWNE, Dept. 7, Holyoke, Mass.

BEAUTY IS NOT A SECRET

to women who have used Mary E. Cobb's preparations—commended by 30 years of gratifying results.

PANZA CREAM cures hang nails, softens and whitens the hands and face. A perfect day-skin food. Price 25—50 Cents

COSMETIC CHERRI-LIP for tinting finger-nails, pale lips and cheeks. Price 25-50 Cents.

At all high-class toilet counters or direct from
MARY E. COBB, Dept. A, 147 W. 23rd St, New York

WILL MAKE A FIRST CLASS BOOK-KEEPER



of you in six weeks for \$3 or RETURN MONEY, distance and experience immaterial. I find POSITIONS, too, everywhere, FREE; \$420 testimonials! Placed pupil February 16, at \$100 weekly; perhaps can place YOU, too! SAVE THIS AND WRITE

J. H. GOODWIN, Expert ACCOUNTANT
Room 447, 1215 Broadway, New York



Hoegge's FOR THE Outdoor Life

Tents, Camp Bedding, Cots
Khaki Clothing, Laced Boots

Fresh-air goods for mountain, desert and sea shore.

WRITE FOR CATALOGUES

The Wm. H. Hoegge Co., Inc., 138-142 S. Main, Ex's 87
Dept. 3, LOS ANGELES, CAL.

READERS OF "THE SEGNOGRAM" WILL KINDLY MENTION THIS MAGAZINE IN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS

Show us the worst man, so called—and in time, in daily contact with such, we will sooner or later be rewarded—if our life corresponds with our ideal—in seeing that one's manlier nature rise to the surface and manifest its soul's reality in word and deed.

Tolstoi says, "You think there are instances where love will not suffice, there are no such instances."

What then our excuse?

Nothing of great importance was ever accomplished without almost superhuman effort and sacrifice—and a majority at first shouting in the ears of the invincible, intrepid vanguard, "It can't be done."

The trouble is we view with scorn oft ill disguised, the brother of weak and vacillating nature who so often needs but that sincerely spoken word with consistent act to awaken to a conscious intelligent recognition of his own inherent power and real nature.

It's so easy for us to find and frame plausible and learned excuses to relieve ourselves from some difficult task—and need I add which may later prove a love task—a boon.

So easy for us to resign the whole case to the perfect workings of the Law.

How much do we really desire the end sought? I am endeavoring to show that we really have a very great responsibility because of the possibilities from rightly directed earnest effort; and while the Law's workings are perfect, are our efforts as near perfect as will bear our own searching analysis?

As the skilled horticulturist grafts the delicious fruit bearing branch upon the wild and yet unproductive trunk—so may we, when awakened in truth, lift up the whole of humanity through this, the soul's magical-chemistry.

We understand that there are certain things, compensations, that each must individually work out—pay for himself—yet through the transmutation of Divine Alchemy—instead of suffering for self alone—the thus awakened soul may work out his Karma consciously, for the good of the whole by a conservation and intelligent direction of this wasted energy to the service of co-operation—each, both giver and receiver, *now* mutually cognizant of the service rendered for the good of the whole.

All is one.

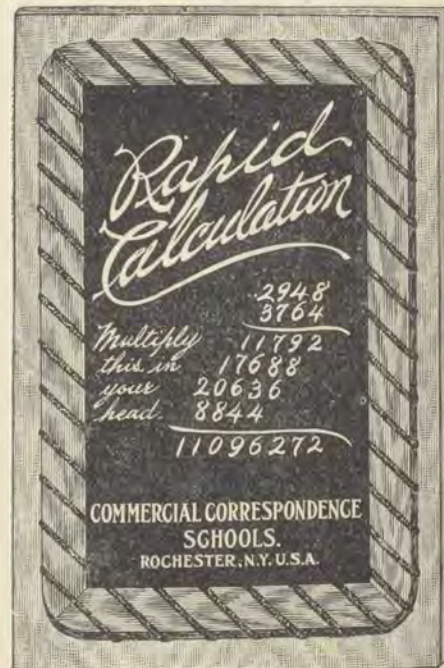
And this is the economy of the soul.

Hay water is splendid for tan colored or brown linen. To make it, pour boiling water on a few handfuls of hay.

This Book is Free

It Tells You About a System of Handling
Figures with Lightning Rapidity

One Thousand Copies Will be Given Away
to Those Who Apply First



THIS BOOK tells about marvelous methods of shortening calculations; methods that simplify the most difficult business problems and sometimes make it possible to do the work of an hour in the space of a minute. It is from the pen of a man who has devoted his life to the subject of rapid and accurate calculations. He is known throughout the United States as the foremost calculator of the day. Every man should calculate quickly and with ease. Every business man must calculate. Often a certain calculation must be made mentally and instantly if you would take care of your own interests. By our improved methods you see results without effort. You multiply, add, subtract and divide fractions or whole numbers with marvelous ease. The methods introduced by this book will revolutionize figuring and arithmetic for you. You can learn at your own home with little effort and without loss of time. If you are an office man the result will be seen in your pay envelope. The man who figures accurately and rapidly can do three times as much work as the one who uses ordinary methods. Unless you know all about figures that you want to know, unless you are accurate in every calculation, you cannot afford to be without this information. It costs you nothing to write for the book; it is free; it may cost you a good position or a valuable promotion to neglect this opportunity. Address Commercial Correspondence Schools, 1J, Commercial Building, Rochester, N. Y.

THE LOGIC OF IT

"In the Mutual Help Ideas one by R. F. Sharp attracted my attention," says an appreciative reader of THE SEGNOGRAM. "He says: 'What man has written on his character cannot be wiped out. It is there forever. But he can do less of it and make it better.' I stopped when I read that, and thought for a moment. Then I said to myself, I cannot agree with Mr. Sharp. And then for days—yes, for two or three weeks, I thought, why, that could not be. He says, 'He can do less of it and make it better.' If he does less of it today and still less tomorrow, and so on each day, would he not be able to wipe it out entirely? If we live on pure food we cleanse the body from disease, and if we think pure thoughts, we must cleanse the mind from impure and diseased thoughts, and soon the clean thoughts will become a *habit* and there will be no room or habitation for unclean thoughts in the mind."

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

We take pleasure in calling our readers' attention to the advertisement of the Judson A. Tolman Co., which appears in this issue of our publication. The lady readers of our paper have for some time been telling us of the high prices which local dealers are charging for the ranges which they sell. Moreover, many of the large mail order houses have been and are putting onto the markets a very poor grade of ranges at a high price. These local dealers and mail order houses have caused our lady readers a great amount of annoyance, inconvenience, vexation, and unlimited disappointment. The matter was called to the attention of the editress of our household columns, and a remedy asked for. We looked into the matter, and while doing so one of our readers attracted our attention to the satisfaction which the Judson A. Tolman Co. had given her. We feel that we are entirely safe in recommending "Tolman's Built to Bake Ranges" to be, in every detail, far superior to anything else on the market. It will pay every reader of this magazine to send for their catalogue. They will be sure to give you satisfaction.

Catarrhal Ailments

For nearly twenty years that little instrument with the trade-mark name of "Actina" has been accomplishing wonderful results in the relief and cure of ailments and diseases of the eye, ear, head and throat, caused by poor circulation, catarrh, etc.

The vapor emanating from the powerful, yet harmless chemicals, with which this instrument is charged, is said to be a remarkable specific for catarrh, a powerful astringent and a sure promoter of circulation. Note the announcement in another column.

"My idea of helpfulness is: Help those that are willing to help themselves, and impart a knowledge to the world that will benefit the human race."—James Oliver.

"MUTUAL HELP" ADS.

At no time in the history of printing did the small classified advertisement play so prominent a part in business as it does today. In every newspaper it is a mighty factor in bringing buyer and seller together. In the "classified ad" department one is permitted to advertise at small cost what he most desires others to know.

A department of this nature has been started in THE SEGNOGRAM. It is going to prove the most important feature in our advertising pages. Advertisements inserted in this department prove highly satisfactory to the advertiser, in that they bring results at less cost than any other style of advertising that may be used. Every advertisement under this head is read with interest. You talk direct to the 100,000 readers of the magazine. They are interested in what you say and if you have something to offer that should appeal to them—something they need—replies will be prompt and returns good. Test the pulling qualities of these small ads. The rate is 2 cents a word, with 50 cents the minimum charge. You can print an advertisement of 25 words for 50 cents.

No investment or objectionable medicine advertisement will be accepted.

Address, money with order,
THE SEGNOGRAM PUB. CO.,
Los Angeles, Cal.

HALF PRICE.—We have 23 copies of the Law of Mentalism that we will sell at \$1.50 each. The covers are slightly damaged, otherwise they are perfect. Our loss, your gain. Order a copy today. American Institute of Mentalism, Los Angeles, California.

FOR SALE.—A 6-room house; 50x150 is the lot; full of fruit trees and grapevines; cellar, barn. Price, \$1,300; \$1,000 down, \$300 in two years. Mrs. Octavio Reister, San Bernardino, Cal.

WANTED.—To exchange souvenir postals with members of our "Success Club." Can furnish a pretty Segnogram dress apron pattern and fine kitchen apron pattern; the two for 25c silver or stamps. Address, Magnolia, 505 W. Romana, San Antonio, Texas.

HAND PAINTED POSTALS—for collectors, of "Antietam," "Harper's Ferry," "Winchester," and views on the "Potomac," \$1.00 per dozen, money accompany the order.—Hazel P. Stuckey, Artist, Martinsburg, W. Va.

FRESH, PURE PEANUT BUTTER—The delicious spread for your daily bread. We manufacture this great health food and sell it direct to consumer at the exceptionally low price of 12 cts per lb in 20, 25 and 50 lb. cans, 5 and 10 lb pails, 13 cts per lb. We prepay freight on orders of 100 lbs or more to all points east of the Mississippi and north of Tennessee. Cash with order. Send for trial can, postpaid for 10 cts. ST. LAURENT BROS. 1222 24 Saginaw Street, Bay City, Mich.

"GOING TO BUILD?"—The best book of architectural plans and designs ever sold at any price, only 50c. Cuts and circular free. Kinney & Co., Architects, Minneapolis, Minn.

Cure Yourself at Home

The A.T.C. assists nature to remove the cause painlessly, rapidly and permanently, without loss of time. Sent sealed with letter for \$2.00. Treatise on the cause, effect and cure of Varicocele and its sequences in plain sealed envelope with testimonial proof, free of charge.

MARK M. KERR, M. D.
Station K 748, Cincinnati, Ohio



GRAPHOLOGY



By Mrs. Franklin Hall

Special Article

This department in THE SEGNOGRAM has been of great assistance to many of our readers. Graphology has long been recognized as a science, and Mrs. Franklin Hall's readings are phenomenally accurate. The special articles that she writes for THE SEGNOGRAM contain very much that will benefit every reader, and to her advice many of THE SEGNOGRAM family owe much of their success. To give more space to other articles we have discontinued publishing the readings made for our subscribers, and instead are sending them direct by mail.

HOPEFULNESS.

There are many men and women who reach thirty or forty, possibly a greater age, with seemingly nothing accomplished. They look at the long years of toil gone by with a sigh for vanished hopes. For them there has been no "Grand Sweet Song," only a "Miserere." If they were to die to-day there would not be sufficient to pay for a coffin, saying nothing of the rest of the funeral appointments.

Have we not during these years been building a vast storehouse and filling it with treasures of knowledge, that when opportunity comes will enable us to grasp it and become its master? Do not the following facts bear me out in this statement?

One J. S. Morgan came into England and accepted a position as an humble clerk in a banking house; he had a son already of middle age; this son a few years ago suddenly ap-

*I saw a velvet bud of gray,
Cling to a rose-spray where 't swings
To rhythmic measure of the breeze.
I watched, and lo, a butterfly
Sprang forth and spread its radiant wings
To meet the billowing of the lea's.
And so the chrysalis of Hope
Its dusky shell will one day open
And swift before your wondering eyes
Fly on to where your treasure lies*

Sometimes these disheartened ones give up the struggle, taking the life for which they feel that they were not responsible because they came into the world without desire of their own. Others become reckless and sell themselves as Faust sold his soul to Mephistopheles that he might for a little while drain to the dregs the cup of pleasure.

Is it true that our life is a failure because we have reached forty, perhaps fifty, without having gained a competence, granting that success or failure is measured from a worldly standpoint?

peared at the head of a gigantic American railway trust. Pierpont Morgan son of the once humble bank clerk is to-day one of the best known and most talked of men in the world.

A Scotchman, Donald Smith, worked for years for the Hudson Bay Co., and when fifty years old retired a poor man. In his desperation, still hopeful, he thought and planned; with a partner he bought up several abandoned railroads in Western Canada that did not seem good for anything except to pull up the rails and sell them for old scrap



DO YOU WISH TO BE ADMIRER?

Do you wish promotion or position?

Do you wish to win affection and love?

Do you wish for social advancement?

Do you wish to succeed in life?



OF COURSE YOU DO! Everyone wishes for one or all of these things. So do you!

Yet you find yourself losing ground, not able to succeed in any walk in life. Why?

Is it your face or features that cause your failure? Many a man of brilliant mind fails in what he undertakes because his face is grotesque or repulsive.

Is there anything about your face that places you at a disadvantage?

Have you Pimples, Superfluous Hair, Wrinkles, Lines of Age, Illness or Habit, or an Unhealthy, Sallow Complexion? Is your nose too large, turned up, humped, flat, dish or pug? Are your ears outstanding or your cheeks hollow or sunken? Are your eyelids baggy, puffy or wrinkled? Have you an unfortunate Birthmark or scar or are you pitted from smallpox?

Whatever it is, it can be helped—let me tell you how.

THE FACE IS MY SPECIALTY

Send for valuable booklet, "THE FACE AND SCALP"
 Dr. H. J. Saunders,
 148 State Street, 4th floor, Chicago

Name _____

Address _____

iron. With his partner's capital to back him this man completed the abandoned lines, opened up Western Canada to American trade, creating the city of Winnipeg and the wealthy province of Manitoba. This man became a millionaire and organized the building of the Canadian Pacific railroad. He is now Lord Strathcona, High Commissioner of Canada and member of the war commission; he has given an immense hospital to Montreal, endowed a University and at a cost of over a million dollars presented to Canada the regiment known as the Strathcona Horse. Lord Strathcona is now well past eighty, a hard working and well preserved man who has turned to full account the knowledge and experience learned through half a century of toil and poverty, transforming this experience into wealth, fame and honor.

The dramatist, Hendrik Ibsen, was fifty years of age before his genius reached that perfection that opened the portals of fame.

One of the most famous novels of the English language, "John Inglesant," was written after its author, Mr. Shorthouse, was forty-seven. He was twenty years preparing the manuscript.

A middle aged man who had failed as a stock broker, business man, importer and politician, apparently dying of consumption fled to Arizona. He procured odd jobs of surveying; his acuteness sharpened by his past experience he began to invest his small savings; as they grew larger he bought and surveyed land for a railroad which he afterward sold to the Southern Pacific Co. for a fortune; meantime the air of Arizona had restored him to perfect health.

Rosa Bonheur was nearly fifty before her genius was recognized.

So I might continue the list to buoy up hearts that are sore troubled, disappointed and perhaps embittered because they have not yet attained their ambitions; yet the

wine of life is like the wine of the grape and should become richer and more perfect with increasing years.

The writing shown is that of one whose persistence is untiring, whose hopefulness is rarely shadowed; one who looks upon life as a divinity, we ourselves creators of good or evil. The divine self rises above the petty things of life and is ever advancing, yet not forgetting that divinity is an atmosphere with which we surround ourselves and those with whom we come in contact. If we dislike people or seek to injure them, if we are insincere or cruel, our atmosphere repels. If we are true, just, kind and conscientious the atmosphere is clear and beautiful.

This is the writing of one who loves the virtues of all and pities their faults. Can you who have studied the subject so long analyze the writing and tell why this is so? Try it. Meantime let your watchword ever be hopeful persistence, for it is the mystic key that opens all doors for you if you are patient and just.

MY BOOK FREE



THE KEY TO SUCCESS

"How to Remember"

Sent Free to Readers of this Publication.

Stop Forgetting

You can stop forgetting by a little practice and a few simple rules. You can study my course anywhere, any time, in spare moments.

You are no greater intellectually than your memory. Simple, inexpensive. Increases business capacity, social standing by giving an alert, ready memory for names, faces, business details, study. Develops will, concentration, conversation, public speaking, writing, etc. Write today for free copy of my interesting booklet, "How to Remember." Address

DICKSON SCHOOL OF MEMORY, 981 Kimball Hall, Chicago

A SILENT THOUGHT SUCCESS CIRCLE

To all who will send a self-addressed, and stamped envelope, will send absolutely free, two weeks treatment, to show my virtue, and what I can do for you. We also send free our mechanical device, that will draw away the blues, cure poverty, diseases and bad habits, develop all your mental and spiritual powers. Simplifies concentration and develops will power.

Address,

IDA WELSH,

S. Bellville, Illinois.

THE SEGNOGRAM

1701-1719 Kane St. Los Angeles, Cal.

Copyright 1906 by Segnogram Publishing Company.

EDITORIAL STAFF

A. VICTOR SEGNO

WILLIAM WALKER ATKINSON

H. M. WALKER

Entered at the Los Angeles Post Office as second class matter

SUBSCRIPTION

United States, Canada and Mexico.....50 cents a year
In the City of Los Angeles.....60 "
All Foreign Countries.....3 shilling 2 pence

Postage Prepaid

TO ADVERTISERS

No medical, investment or objectionable advertising will be accepted or printed in this magazine at any price. Advertising rates sent on application.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Notice of change of address should be sent to us at once as the postal rules forbid the forwarding of magazines without the payment of additional postage.

YOUR SUBSCRIPTION EXPIRES

O When this circle is marked with a blue cross it signifies that your subscription has expired and that you should renew it at once.

If you receive a copy of this magazine and are not already a subscriber it is an invitation to subscribe. Accept the invitation.

NOTE: We cannot supply back numbers. All subscriptions received before the 15th of the month will begin with the issue of that month. All received after the 15th will commence with issue of the following month.

Shop Talk ; What is Doing at the Segnogram Home

The July number of THE SEGNOGRAM will be set in our new type and printed on our new presses. This issue will mark an epoch in the history of the magazine that will be far reaching in its accomplishments. We feel decidedly good about it, friends, knowing as we do the improvements that are going to take place, and realizing what these will mean to our readers and, generally, to our publishing business.

Our new publishing house is a busy quarter this month. There is a general mix-up of carpenters, plasterers, staff workers, painters, machinists and printers, out of which chaos we shall evolve order and bring forth a new magazine before the 1st of June—*The Mystic*—and then set to work upon THE SEGNOGRAM for July.

We wonder what amount of pleasure you will take out of the first number of this new magazine—*The Mystic*. Brother Atkinson

is putting his best work upon it and it looks as though it were going to be the most interesting baby ever born into the literary world. And surely there is nothing like it in the field of Mysticism. The first number will go to mail about June 1st.

* * *

You must not think that this new magazine is going to interfere with THE SEGNOGRAM. It will not in any measure intrude itself upon Segnogram ground. It covers a field of thought that is not entered by this magazine,—a field that comes within the scope of what is known as Mysticism.

* * *

THE SEGNOGRAM shall unfold into a more perfect medium through which to develop in our readers the mighty power of Mentalism, that shall lead them into a fuller understanding of how to bring Success to their efforts, and give their lives that nobility of poise that spreads sunshine in every walk of life.

With the July number THE SEGNOGRAM will put on what the printer calls "a new dress." It will be handsomer than we have yet been able to make it, and will be choke full of the best reading matter along the lines of its mission. The same writers that have been on its staff will be retained, and we hope to add another and another, as the occasion requires, and the opportunity offers. If you have watched the progress of THE SEGNOGRAM you will understand what we mean when we say that what *is* is not good enough for us. We feel that there must be growth if we are to be useful, and that in the measure that we develop do we serve our fellows. It is this that animates us and induces us ever to be on the lookout for some way to improve the magazine and make it of greater service to our readers.

Now that we have our new printing plant installed, and are in position to do so, we shall offer in every issue of THE SEGNOGRAM something better than that contained in the previous number. We believe in taking our readers into our confidence, and telling them what we are doing. It creates a better feeling, and allows each to know as much about the head office as we do. We want every reader to feel at liberty to write us about the magazine and tell us just what he thinks of it. We are not perfect—may never be. We only want to express from day to day greater perfection. And we try to place THE SEGNOGRAM in the hands of the men and women who understand its mission and are prepared to profit by what we give them.

The books published by The Segnogram Publishing Co. are written with this object

in view. We feel that we have a message to give, and are faithfully expressing it in and through our work.

When we look back over the years that THE SEGNOGRAM has been in existence, and realize how faithfully our readers and friends have stood by us; how they have cheered us when the night was dark; how patient they have been as the little magazine struggled up and up and up, we feel that we owe a debt of gratitude to all. And now when the growing time has come; when we must expand and grow yet still upward,—when, of necessity, we are compelled to relinquish some of the little things cherished in the childhood of the magazine, and reach out after the things that build into manhood, we do so with confidence, knowing that those who helped us through infancy will not turn away now.

* * *

We are delighted at the ready response to our appeal for 30,000 subscribers for the first number off our new presses. The number has not been reached yet, but our friends are evidently doing their part to help us to reach it. We have until June 15th to do so and may accomplish it yet. The way subscriptions have been coming in the past month encourages us to believe that we will. Have YOU sent one? If not, don't you want to? Are you not acquainted with someone whom you would like to have read the magazine? If you take advantage of this opportunity you may have THE SEGNOGRAM sent to them for one whole year for 25 cents; if in a foreign country add 25 cents for postage.

Cures The Scalp

Read What a Segnoqram Reader says
About California Scalp Food

609 E. Fifth Ave., Knoxville, Tenn.

April 18, 1906

PONOCALTO FORN CO., Los Angeles, Cal.

GENTLEMEN:—Enclosed please find one dollar for one jar of California Scalp Food.

It is the finest remedy for dandruff that I have ever used. I have tried so many but nothing has done for me what this has. I cannot recommend it too highly.

(Signed)

California Scalp Food never fails to do the work. In all cases of Dandruff, Sore or Itching Scalp, Premature Graying, Barber's Itch and Eczema, it destroys the disease germs and heals the scalp perfectly and permanently. It is a powerful antiseptic and non-poisonous, non-irritating, and an unfailing healer. Price one dollar per jar, postpaid. Sold only on our guarantee of Satisfaction or your money back. Order today. Ask for our free booklet on

"The Cure of Skin and Scalp Diseases"
also a complete list of our Pono Remedies.

PONOCALTO FORN CO., 965 Everett Street
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

BUILT TO BAKE

TOLMAN RANGES



Would you hesitate to buy a stove or range of us by mail if you were confident you could save \$15 to \$40 by so doing, and at the same time run no risk? That is exactly what we are offering you. A stove or range second to none in the world at a price far less than your local

dealer can even buy such a range. We are able to save you many dollars in your range-buying for three reasons, viz:

1. Our direct selling plan, from factory to family (one profit)
2. We have a perfect factory and foundry of our own
3. We have the experience of over twenty-three years

Our experience of twenty-three years range manufacturing and selling enables us to offer you a steel range, which in every detail is "BUILT TO BAKE." The housewife who uses a Tolman Range is confident that cakes or pies will bake just as evenly in one corner of the oven as in the other, because the ovens of all our Tolman Ranges are large, square and perfectly ventilated. The flue linings in our ranges are also ventilated, thus allowing air to pass behind them. The ovens are lined with heavy asbestos, recovered with sheet steel, thus retaining the heat in the oven, which saves fuel, time and worry.

If you had only our unsupported statement that our ranges were the best, we would expect you to take such a statement with due allowance, but we have such confidence in the superiority of our ranges and in order to gain your confidence, we will ship you a Tolman Range on

One Year Decision Trial and Give You a Ten Year Guarantee

Write us about this feature. It is unique and interesting, and we should like to present it for your consideration. We know you will be interested in this feature of our proposition. We make this offer so that our customers will run no risk when buying of us.

We know you would be interested in our large free catalog, because it shows over sixty different styles and sizes of Steel Ranges. It tells clearly how we ship so that you run no risk. This catalog will be mailed you free. Send for Catalog G today.

JUDSON A. TOLMAN CO.

7725 Woodlawn Ave. - Chicago, Ill.

"What is it to be successful? I'll tell you: To do good to all and make others happy."
—German Philosopher.

A mother's wish for herself and daughter:
"That we may take our places in the sunshine without casting a shadow upon anyone."



IMPROVE YOUR FACE.

My book, "MAKING FACES," is an instructive and illustrated booklet, showing how, by a few simple exercises, one can in a short time make the face beautiful and wonderfully expressive. A practical new method for removing hollow cheeks, wrinkles, hatchet chins, careworn looks, etc. Amusing as well as instructive. Nothing like it ever offered the public before. Postpaid to any address for 25c.

MY SPECIAL OFFER

I will send my complete series of books, The Chest, Making Faces, Development of the Neck Muscles, How to Beautify the Eyes, and my Chart Course, regular price \$1.25, on receipt of \$1.00.

Address **PROF. ANTHONY BARKER**
School of Physical Culture
1164 D. Broadway - New York City

Physical Culture for the Baby

Readers of THE SEGNOGRAM will be interested in the book recently published by Aumond C. David, Los Angeles, Cal. For some months past we have been giving the exercises prepared by Mr. David in THE SEGNOGRAM, and we are pleased to note the interest that has been shown in them. Mr. David will be pleased to fill all orders for his book at 40 cents each. If you are interested in Child Culture you should have a copy. Send 40 cents to Aumond C. David, 993 New Hampshire St., Los Angeles, Cal.

If you want a reprint copy of Vols. 1, 2 and 3 of The Segnogram bound in one book, board covers, cloth binding, you should send in your order now. Orders for this volume are coming in slowly. They should come faster. If there is not a sufficient number of our readers who desire the volume we shall not print it. These volumes contain all that was of so much interest in the early life of the magazine. If you want to keep the volumes you cannot afford to miss this opportunity. They are filled with the life that thrills the heart of Success people. Price, in one volume, \$1.50. Send today. The Segnogram Publishing Co., Los Angeles, Cal.

HOW DOES YOUR HEART BEAT?

Is it in tune with the Infinite? Has it felt the throbs of that Universal Heart, which animates all things everywhere, and thrills Nature into giving more abundant expression through you, thus placing you in harmony with the best in all things and making you a mighty power in your associations with others? Do you feel that sweet communion with the Eternal in Today? Is it yours to have the warm touch of companionship with all men, great and small; and the birds, and animals, the trees and flowers? Do you touch finger-tips with the Great I-AM—The Power That Is—The Being behind and beneath All? Do you know the peace of heart that comes from a thorough knowledge of the qualities and capabilities of the Man Within? If you do there is much in H. M. Walker's new book "Heart Throbs" that will interest and help you.

If, on the other hand, you have not found much in life; if your experience has been shallow and unprofitable; if you have lost that touch that makes every duty a song, every scene beautiful, and every moment happy; if you fail to see anything but pessimism in optimism, and your joys are all in complaining; if you look behind every cloudless day for the shadow, and hang crepe over every door to happiness; if every trial, sorrow and disappointment is accepted as punishment instead of a stepping stone to fuller development and more perfect expression, then you need this book. It was written for you.

Every page of "Heart Throbs" glows with a warmth of feeling gauged by logic and tempered with love. Each "Throb" will find a corresponding vibration in the heart of every reader; each thought will cause the mind of the reader to respond to the vibrations sent out. Each study will give a fuller insight into the sweet silence of Nature.

The book is published and sold by The Segnogram Publishing Co. It is handsomely printed with specially illumined pages, and bound in boards with neat *linen* cover. It is a book that touches life in the common places, and gives us a fuller conception of the bigness of little things. It is not bookish; indeed, it is quite unorthodox in this respect; but it does not contain anything that will displease. It is so natural that you will think the writer has stolen your own thoughts and dressed them up in the simple garb of homespun Truth. Send for it. Read it. It will do you good. Address: The Segnogram Publishing Co., Los Angeles, Cal.

READERS OF "THE SEGNOGRAM" WILL KINDLY MENTION THIS MAGAZINE IN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS

With the Bark On

By HANK REKLAW

A wise man drunk is sillier than a sober fool. Every man has it in him to be better than he is.

A faithful friend will have friends that are faithful.

We build character only as we stand on our own bottom.

Do you kill time? Look out: Time is mighty just and can play back.

When you know a man as his wife and family know him, you do not know him at all.

A breach of kindness never justifies a breach of faith—nothing justifies a breach of faith.

You cannot hope to ease that itching for fame and fortune without doing some scratching.

How funny it all is: We create our own temptations, then blame them for leading us astray.

A cynic may have his place in life, but that place is not as important as it would be if, to his cynicism, he added the law of love. Cynicism does not convince and cannot convict, therefore it does not add anything to

Learn to Sing With Artistic Tone

IF YOU have a speaking voice, an ear for tune, an ambition to make the most of your natural abilities, and half an hour's time each day, my system of exercises of the muscles of the larynx, (not by scales and vocalises but by developing them against the resistance of thumb and finger) will give, as an inevitable result, beautiful quality of tone, resonance without loudness, and an upward extension of compass without strain. Complete instruction in proper control of the breath and in reading music at sight are integral parts of the course.

THE lessons come to you by mail, can be studied in your own time, and are yours to refer to always. Send stamp for terms and my booklet "The Voice Made Beautiful."

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the real knowledge that the world needs. Let a man of love impart the same knowledge that a cynic imparts, and the world will pay him well for it, while it only smiles at the cynic's abnormal stupidity.

Remember this, dear heart, as you bend your face Successward: Self-sacrifice is blazed on every tree along the pike that leads there.

Do not mistake meekness for weakness. The meek man is the mighty man in that he has mastered himself.

Better to try to be what you cannot hope to be, than to be satisfied with less than you ought to be.

We hear much about a square peg in a round hole, but better that than a putty filling.

THE FIRST UNCOOKED BANQUET

A banquet of edibles never touched by the chemical change produced by heat was the novelty at the Twentieth Century club recently at Boston, when Eugene and Mollie Griswold Christian, of New York, set before 100 guests the "first uncooked banquet" ever served in Boston.

The menu presented seven courses of 19 varieties, with nothing of an animal substance except the overture of oysters on the shell, and not one in the list was prepared by any process in the art of cooking. There were "unfried wafers" of cereals and fruits, stuffed tomatoes, lettuce, protoid nuts, almonds and pecans, fruit cake and punch, and even the butter was the product of nuts. The only dressing was lemon juice, and the sole condiment salt. The "cream of pea" soup was produced by soaking the peas, which were afterward strained through a colander, and the cream and other ingredients added.

All the solids were of a consistency which required much and slow mastication, a virtue greatly enjoyed by those of the new school, who were in a majority at the tables. There were many who had become devotees of the system advocated by Mr. and Mrs. Christian, and they became enthusiastic and active proselyting agents before and during the reception.

Vegetarians were in plenty, as were the somewhat opposing disciples of the preponderance of protein and nitrogenous elements in food. But these matters were not discussed, the entire attention, largely of curiosity, being given to the new gustatory experiences of the company.

Mr. Phillips introduced the speaking and was followed by Mr. Christian, who claimed much for uncooked food in relieving disease, restoring the weak and building up the emaciated. He said that while the best experts were employed to select materials for buildings, for steamships, for clothing and everything else used by mankind, as well as to construct them, there was one exception in that people allowed the most ignorant of all nations to select and prepare their foods. He declared that the natural elements in food products were disintegrated and destroyed by heat, which should never be applied.

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Through my personally conducted course on Water-color Painting, embracing Drawing, Sketching, Illustrating, Poster work, Portrait Painting, Color Blending and many other things. The work is EASILY LEARNED through CORRESPONDENCE, and in a short time you can be EARNING MONEY for yourselves. The price is within the reach of all. Don't let THIS OPPORTUNITY slip from you, but write at once for information, with self-addressed stamped envelope, to

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A NOBLE WORK IS BEING DONE

It is something to remember that when a child is speaking or acting kindly, whether to a playmate or to an animal, he is developing and strengthening the tender and noble side of his character, and that when thoughtless and cruel, the lower and brutal elements of his nature are developed.

This is the dominant thought that actuated Mrs. E. M. Deardorff in organizing the Young Defender's League of Los Angeles. It is a branch of the National Band of Mercy, at the head of which is that man of kind heart, Geo. T. Angell.

Of Mrs. Deardorff's work Thomas J. Kirk, State Superintendent of Public Instruction, speaks in the highest commendation: "It gives me great pleasure," says he, "to state that I have known Mrs. Elizabeth M. Deardorff as a most estimable lady, for several years a resident of the City of Fresno, California. While in that city she was always interested in matters of public charity, orphan and kindergarten schools, women's clubs, and humane education. She informs me that she has concluded to devote her life henceforth to humane education and to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals; and believing that her mind and heart will be sincerely and thoroughly en-

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(Miss) E. F. Tucker, of 2041 San Antonio Ave., Alameda, Cal., writes: "I am more than pleased with 'Actina.' When I received it I had been wearing glasses for more than three years for Astigmatism. I immediately discontinued their use and have not had them on since. It is wonderful. I consider it worth its weight in gold. I have recommended it to many of my friends. I would be pleased to have a few circulars to hand to friends, as they may understand more of it, price, etc."

E. R. Holdbrook, Deputy County Clerk, Fairfax, Va., writes:—" 'Actina' has cured my eyes so I can do without glasses. I very seldom have headache now, and can study up to eleven o'clock after a hard day's work at the office."

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EUGENE CHRISTIAN

Foods Will Cure

All systems of exercising and breathing are merely methods of distributing and purifying the blood. They are of no value until the blood is first made.

If you select the right kinds and combinations of food, the blood will be pure to start with. Your increased vitality will then give you an appetite for your exercise, the same as for your food. This will force deep and increased respiration, and the three great laws, viz:

Eating.....making Blood
Exercising.....distributing Blood
and Breathing.....purifying Blood

will be fulfilled, and the elimination of disease and the building of perfect health will be the inevitable result. This is What My System of Diet Instructions Accomplish. They cannot fail if obeyed.

I Am Not a Doctor, but a Food Specialist. I study foods that give life, not drugs that take life

The wrong combinations of food will make an inferior body, the same as any other poor material will make an inferior product.

My pupils grow into rugged health because I teach them Nature's greatest law of life, viz: the science of selecting and combining their food.

My new book, "Uncooked Foods," revised and enlarged. 300 pages, in cloth and gold. Sent postpaid for \$1.00.

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P. S.—We have the only factory in the world making a complete and scientific Line of Uncooked Foods ready for use. Send \$1.10 for special trial order.—CHRISTIAN'S NATURAL FOOD CO., Eugene Christian, Prest.

Eugene Christian

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listed in the work I commend her to the favorable consideration of all whom she may seek to take an interest with her in this matter. In the field of humane education there is great opportunity for the development of the finer qualities and nobler sentiments of childhood, and I believe that Mrs. Deardorff is capable of accomplishing grand results. She has my strongest endorsement for success in this undertaking."

It is a grand work that these boys and girls under Mrs. Deardorff are doing. When they become interested in the work it is surprising the amount of earnestness they exhibit. You know yourself that boys and girls are just a whole lot of little tabloids of earnestness anyway, and all they need is for some one whose heart is in the work to come along and direct their energies—they will do the rest.



MRS. E. M. DEARDORFF

They are doing it here in Los Angeles. Why don't they get together in every small town and do likewise? Hasn't THE SEGNOGRAM a boy or girl reader in every town who would be ready to take hold, and with other boys and girls organize a Nature Class for the study of Animal, Insect and Plant life? We are opening a department in THE SEGNOGRAM for this purpose. We want the boys and girls of THE SEGNOGRAM family to interest themselves in the work. We want you to write and tell us what you know about the birds and insects and animals and plants that inhabit the country where you live. Ask all the questions you want to; if we can not answer them, we shall find somebody who can.



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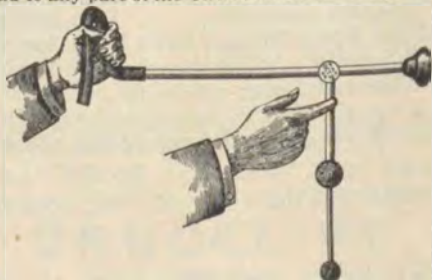
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A Few of the Many Reasons Why You Should Use Our Vibrator.

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"Deed, Mistah Fommeh!" cried 'Rastus Johnsing, caught with the goods on in Mr. Fommeh's turkey coop, "'deed, suh, I isn' a-stealin' dis yah bird,—I's a-takin' it in self-defense. Hones' I is."

"Self-defense? What kind of a lie are you trying to tell me?"

"Please, suh, mah wife she say ef I doan' fotch home a turkey she gwine ter break ebery bone in mah body. An' so I jes' 'bleeged ter pertect mahse'f."—*Judge.*

Thought is the action of the mind which produces personal knowledge, personal knowledge being but a bit broken off the whole loaf.

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the wilful act of the individual, it is attacked, repelled and expelled through the forces generated by the tissue salts. There is no other way. All the activities of the body depend upon the tissue salts. It is through them that life is manifested. Therefore, if the supply of tissue salts in your body is sufficient you are well; and if there is a lack of one or more you are sick in that degree, as the life action is thereby restricted. A cure depends upon restoring the equilibrium.

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